

Miscellaneous.

ASPIRATIONS.

For the Dugle.
 Poet dreaming dreams of beauty neath the azure
 skies of May,
 To the South land's flowery splendor do thy eager
 fancies stray?
 I would tell you—should you ask me—where my
 thoughts now speed their way.

Toward the golden gates of morning, toward that
 wild and rocky strand,
 Dashed by ocean's stormy billows, my soul stretch
 as forth her hand.
 Fain to greet them when they gather freedom's
 bravest, noblest band.

'Mid that babel roar and bustle, 'mid its poverty
 and pride,
 While the haughty priest and Levite, and the
 earth-born souls divide;
 There shall meet the faithful followers of the
 Lowly Crucified!

There shall stand our honored Leader, with his
 mild and saint-like mien,
 With his eye of holy beauty and his lofty brow
 serene;
 Who another face so heavenly in this sin-cursed
 world hath seen.

Noblest, bravest among women she who smoothed
 with bleeding feet
 Thorny paths for feeble natures, with that daunt-
 less hand will meet;
 I could almost fall before her, almost worship at
 her feet!

I would haste, would fly to meet you, but a hand
 my steps will stay,
 Poverty's gaunt, bony fingers, clasp me and I
 must obey;

Never, never shall I meet you, in the blooming
 month of May.

But beyond this poor life's sorrows, on the happy
 shores of light,
 Past earth's conflicts, toils, and trials; past mis-
 fortunes gloomy night,
 There I look at last to greet you, friends of Lib-
 erty and Right.

HORACE'S SABINE FARM.

The following genial account of a visit to Hor-
 ace's Sabine Farm, is from the May number of
The Oregonian. It was written by J. H. GORDON.

On a fine morning in June, accompanied by a
 few friends, I started from Rome on an excursion
 to the Sabine Farm of Horace. We passed the gate
 of San Lorenzo as the morning sun was gliding the
 covered the Campagna, and the eye could
 reach, undisturbed by a sea of gold, the ever pass-
 ing breeze, while the long line of ruined aqueducts
 and broken arches that spanned the tenacious
 less and solitary fields, gave to the scene an im-
 pressive and picturesque grandeur; herds of cattle
 were browsing beneath the shadow of the ruins,
 and now and then a shepherd boy, sallow and at-
 tentioned, looked out upon us as we rode by, half
 wild with surprise to see human beings passing
 him in such cheerful and pleasant mood. The
 scene glowing in the morning radiance, and the Al-
 ban range of hills with their villas and gardens,
 looked gay and cheerful in the distance, while the
 further mountains, encircling the expanse before
 us, as in a frame work of gold, inclosed a land-
 scape that elevated our hearts to the highest sense
 of the beautiful and poetical, exciting such emo-
 tions as can only be felt in the midst of scenes and
 associations which have been hallowed by time and
 immortalized by the inspired pen of a poet. It was
 a glorious morning! and as we rapidly coursed the
 Campagna, our hearts bounded forward to those
 classic scenes so memorable and interesting to the
 student of Roman life.

A few hours brought us to the little inn of the
 Sybil at Tivoli, where we ordered our breakfast,
 which was soon spread for us, beneath the cool
 shade of the little temple that stands so graceful
 in its classic and classic beauty, upon the very
 edge of the precipice. The scene before me was
 one of the deepest interest. Far beyond stretched
 the Campagna—its gentle undulations reaching to
 the sea. The ravine at my feet, was as picturesque
 and wild as an American scene; its forest of
 ancient vegetation waving with the summer breeze.
 The little inn has much to recommend it. The ar-
 tists who are in the habit of visiting these hills for
 the purpose of study, make it a resting place, and
 they had left many a rugged and mossy wall, and
 of uncouth heads of men and animals, of half fin-
 ished trees and landscapes, and now and then a
 satirical caricature, and that told its own story at
 the expense of some unfortunate brother whose re-
 minder had been rendered him a fitting subject for his
 inventive humor. Our breakfast was all that could
 be desired, of fresh trout from the Anio, and the
 best bread that Italian domestic skill could pro-
 duce, and highly seasoned with the most delicate
 and purest of the olive oil. The wine was of the
 best, and since the days of Maecenas, no
 jollier party had ever made those rocks to echo
 with pleasant mirth and frolic than ours.

My companions left me to wander among the
 hills, or to descend to the lake, or to the sea. I
 followed. The scene was so enchanting to be lightly
 scanned, and I sat looking out upon it, studying
 its varied points of interest, and associating them
 in my imagination with some event in the life of
 the poet, whose name is so closely identified with
 every hill and valley around. The pretty temple
 which crowns the edge of the precipice, looks so
 serenely down upon the wild scene below. It is a
 graceful relic of the past, and blends its charm-
 ing beauty with the rugged and mossy walls, and
 of uncouth heads of men and animals, of half fin-
 ished trees and landscapes, and now and then a
 satirical caricature, and that told its own story at
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While my companions were absent, enjoying their
 ramble among the galleries and ravines of this
 romantic spot, I reposed quietly beneath the
 shadows of the temple, indulging in a reverie of
 the past, and calling up to my imagination the in-
 cidents of those days, so memorably associated
 with Horace and his companions. The return of
 my friends soon brought me back to the realities
 of the present hour. Our horses were ordered,
 and deferring any further examination of the falls
 and the classic ruins of Tivoli until my return, we
 set off for the accomplishment of the objects of our
 journey.

The country through which the Anio runs is
 very beautiful. The valley is highly cultivated,
 and at this time its orchards were filled with the
 bright promise of summer. The banks of the
 stream are overgrown with luxuriant trees of
 noble growth, through which the winding stream
 rushes with impetuosity. The description given
 of it, by Horace, eighteen hundred years ago, is
 equally applicable at this day. The precipitately
 rapid Anio, has lost none of its ancient charac-
 teristics, and were it not for the evidences of a re-
 mote past, which are visible everywhere among
 these valleys, an American might imagine he was
 merely strolling along the margin of one of the
 streams of his native land.

The valley, for its natural beauty, is worthy of
 all the praise that has been bestowed upon it. It
 is fruitful, and everywhere abundantly watered.
 Several streams from the mountains contribute to
 the full volume of the Anio, which, in the spring
 time, is swollen, and rushes with great rapidity to-
 ward the Tiber. The great meadows which swell
 upward from the margin of the stream give a quiet
 and pastoral character to the country, that con-
 trasts agreeably and pleasantly with the precipi-
 tous mountains that lift their heads to the clouds
 on every hand. As we further ascend among

these Sabine hills, the country becomes more and
 more picturesque, the mountains increase in num-
 ber and interest. Here and there, in the dis-
 tance, can be seen, an elevated peak that hides its
 dim outline in the clouds. Upon others, the white
 walls of towns are visible, looking like fortified
 and frowning castles. These and other things, the mid-
 dle ages, and have been placed there for the security
 of the inhabitants from the attack of the hordes
 that, at one period, desolated the valleys. These
 towns, so far up and difficult of access, are ob-
 jects of great interest to the traveler, and he re-
 gards them as parts of the "dramatic person" in
 the tragical and bloody drama of the dark ages.

The poor people who dwell in these solitary and
 lofty cities, retain to the present day, many of the
 customs and habits of their ancestors of 2000
 years ago. They are employed by the lordly pat-
 ron in the cultivation of the fields, of the valleys,
 and live, as the poor of Italy always live, upon
 hard-earned and precarious bread. There is some-
 thing melancholy in the fortune and character of
 these poor mountaineers. As winter approaches,
 the sad and trying condition to which they are
 sometimes reduced, is pitiable enough.

To a stranger, the picturesque character of the
 situation above the town, the grandeur of the scene
 around, and the fertile and rich valley, with its
 beautiful streams that wind like rivers of sil-
 ver, through groves of chestnut and fields of pas-
 toral loveliness, are objects of great interest, and
 from the historic claims upon his admiration, but
 from the classical associations with which they
 are all connected. The city of Maecenas, with its
 population of 200 souls, is situated on one of the
 highest peaks of this mountain range. It is de-
 licated at the foot of its walls, while the
 summits of its towers show in the resplen-
 dent glory of the summer's sky. Vico Varo (old
 Varium) is similarly situated. The slopes of the
 hills around it are ornamented with chestnut
 and olive groves, and it seems like a huge tal-
 lement amid a sea of vegetation of surpassing
 beauty and richness.

We soon reached the convent of Santa Casa
 Mato, from the site of which we could see the
 village of San Lorenzo, inhabited by the
 descendants of the Saracens. Curiosity led us to
 pay a visit to the monks who inhabit this inter-
 esting and romantically situated convent. They
 received us with kindness, and offered us the
 refreshment of the white Anio wine of the
 country, which we drank with pleasure. This con-
 vent is situated on an eminence above the Anio,
 about two miles from Vico Varo, and is worthy
 of a visit for the beauty of its site, and the
 many objects of interest in its neighborhood.

After resting ourselves, we descended to the cliffs and
 galleries which are cut through them to the stream
 that runs far below. The incredible labor of the
 monks in cutting passages through these towering
 rocks, could not have been more usefully employed
 for us, for we were thereby enabled to obtain a
 fine view of the river, which runs in the picture-
 quous ravine at our feet. The monks had built several
 little chapels in the caves of the rocks, and ad-
 vanced with images of the virgin and some of the
 saints; and here, at times, they descended to their
 silent and solitary worship. These rocky caves
 had a cheerful appearance. Some of the in-
 teriors of the cells of the monks, and were
 rendered otherwise attractive. The inhabi-
 tants of this convent are very civil people, and al-
 though they received us without ceremony or show
 of welcome, they treated us with agreeable kind-
 ness. The interiors of the cells of the monks, and
 the furniture of a well-ordered prison; the furni-
 ture was very scanty, still an air of neatness pre-
 vailed in all the apartments. Here are to be seen
 some of the finest cypresses in Italy. The Via Va-
 riana once crossed the river at this place by a
 bridge.

After satisfying our curiosity in examining the
 objects that seemed worthy of observation, we set
 out for the Sabine farm of Horace. Retaining our
 horses, we rode up the valley, and we turned to
 the left and proceeded up a valley skirted by high
 and unwooded mountains, passing the town of
 Cantalupo, situated on a high hill at the opening
 of the valley of the Diginta. The scene we were
 to see through the valley over a white and fertile
 channel of the stream. The width of this channel
 showed that the river at times is quite wide. From
 the rains from the mountains. The stream at this
 time, however, was moderate. After ascend-
 ing about four miles, we entered upon a most
 wretched road near the river, which continued for
 two miles further up, leading to the town of Li-
 cenza (the Diginta of Horace). From the place
 a guide conducted us to Horace's farm. The site
 is a short distance above the road, and not between
 it and the river as Murray says. It is on a plat-
 form of land which falls abruptly down into the
 sort of wooden gorge which separates it from the
 town of Licenza, which stands in front of it on a
 hill about 500 feet high. Very lofty mountains
 surround both the town and the farm; among them
 is the celebrated Mons Lucullus, about 5000 feet
 high, and Monto Cornarano, which is one of the
 most beautiful mountains of Italy. Two foun-
 tains are said to rise under this latter moun-
 tain, one of which is supposed to be the celebrated
 Biadadua, mentioned by the poet. There are few
 or none of the remains of Horace's farm. The site
 is a fertile and fertile place, of a fertile and fertile
 place, which is said to be a portion of the house, but
 this we had our doubts. The soil does not appear
 to be good. The solitude of the place, and the
 murmuring of the river, give it a peculiar charm,
 and its very grand mountains which surround it,
 make it a proper place for a scholar and a lover of
 retirement.

Horace must have been very fond of this retreat,
 as he spent his time between this Sabine farm and
 his villa at Tibur. One can readily imagine how
 attractive to him must have been this beautiful
 and retired country, surrounded on every hand
 with the most lofty mountains, and watered with
 beautiful streams that spread fertility and fresh-
 ness in their wanderings. Even at this day it
 possesses many charms, yet the absence of that
 cultivation which it had in his lifetime, must di-
 minish the attractions for which it was remarkable.
 To the intelligent traveler, the associations with
 which it is connected render it an object of great
 interest. The scholar, familiar with the life and
 writings of the poet, cannot but regard it with a
 feeling bordering on enthusiasm, and will give
 scope to his imagination in re-creating the scene
 of cheerful life with the poet and his companions.
 The farm, it is well known, was the gift of his pa-
 tron and friend, Maecenas. His introduction to him
 because the turning point in his fortunes.

Horace was a sensible and delightful man, and
 lived, as he says himself, "in moderate content-
 ment." "Poverty," in his own words, "was the
 inspiration of his verse."

Horace died in the same year as his friend Ma-
 ecenas. We have the following description of his
 person: "He was of short stature, dark eyes and
 dark hair, but early tinged with grey. His health
 was not always good. At one period he was fat,
 Augustus joked him upon his fat belly. When
 young, he was irascible in temper, but easily plac-
 able. In dress careless. His habits rugged and
 abstemious, although, on occasions, he indulged
 in free conviviality. He liked choice wine, and in
 the society of friends enjoyed the luxuries of the
 times."

Although Horace has informed us that he was
 a man of moderate fortune and pretensions, he
 would be thought luxurious and expensive in
 our day. If his floors were covered with mosaics,
 as we may be led to think from those that have been
 discovered on the site of his house, and if he had
 marble columns and capitals which have been dis-
 covered there were portions of his "humble Sabine
 farm-house," his ideas of moderate and frugal
 living differed from our own. Maecenas, in pre-
 senting him this Sabine farm, did so with great
 great liberality; and it is to be presumed that so
 significant and wealthy a patron, would not have
 been contented to have given to his favorite poet
 and friend a house not corresponding with his own
 eight slaves for his own domestic purposes.

It is pleasant to render to the poet the tribute of
 our admiration for the many excellences of his
 character. To those familiar with his works, it is
 apparent that his love of nature and retirement
 was a marked characteristic, and although he lived
 in a luxurious age, and amid the splendors of a
 luxurious court, he found the greatest pleasure,

and the truest happiness, in the midst of these
 mountains. His little Sabine farm afforded him
 more real satisfaction and delight, than he ever
 obtained among his courtly acquaintances, or
 even in the familiar intercourse of the proud and
 stately Augustus. "No ivory, nor gilded arch,"
 says he, in one of his Odes—"No—makes a dig-
 nity in my house. No hymeneal beams rest upon
 pillars cut out of the extreme parts of Africa."
 But honor and a liberal vein of genius are mine,
 and the man of fortune makes his court to me,
 who am but poor! I importune the gods no far-
 ther, nor do I require of my friend any larger en-
 joyments; sufficiently happy with my Sabine farm
 alone." Then follows a rebuke which might apply
 to many of ourselves: "You put out marble to be
 nought with one foot in the grave and another
 of a sepulchre, are building houses, and are
 busy to extend the shore of the sea—not rich
 enough while restrained to limits of the land."

"I shall be better able to extend my small revenues
 by contracting my desires, than I could join the
 kingdom of Hylas to Phrygian plains." Much is
 wanting to those who covet much. "Tis well
 with him whom God hath given what is neces-
 sary, with a sparing hand." Horace has, while
 praising his own moderation, confessed his fond-
 ness for convivial enjoyments. "Fill up the pol-
 ished bowls with obnoxious mastic, pour out the
 perfumed ointments from the capacious shells."
 Who takes care to hasten the chaplets of fresh
 leaves to the festive table? In wild carouse I will
 become frantic as the Bacchanals. It is deligh-
 tful to me to play the madman at the reception
 of my friend."

The day's enjoyment among these classic scenes
 has given me many a pleasant thought. These
 happy memories are cherished in my heart—"While
 I stood in my midst, my imagination filled up
 the void produced by time, and repeated that
 solitary spot with the breathing, living glories
 of classic age. The murmuring river runs no longer
 between banks of waving myrtle or chestnut,
 Solitude and silence are there, and the memories
 of the past. They alone sanctify the poet's name
 with that of him who favored his genius, and who
 was his best and truest friend."

The dark shadows of evening were falling upon
 the distant fields of the Campagna and the far off
 sea, as we reentered the gates of Tivoli.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW.

"And where have you been, my Mary,
 And where have you been from me?"
 "I've been to the top of the Caldon Low,
 The midsummer-night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
 All up on the Caldon Low?"
 "I saw the glad sunshine come down,
 And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
 All up on the Caldon Low?"
 "I heard the drops of the water make,
 And the ears of the green corn fill."

"Oh! tell me all, my Mary,
 All that ever you know;
 For you must have seen the fairies,
 Last night, on the Caldon Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother,
 And listen, mother, mine;
 A hundred fables danced last night,
 And the harpers they were nine."

"And their harp-strings rung so merrily
 To their dancing feet so small;
 But, Oh! the words of their talking
 Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary,
 That then you heard them say?"
 "I'll tell you all, my mother—
 But let me have my way:"

"Some of them played with the water,
 And rolled it down the hill;
 'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
 The good old miller's mill:'

"For there has been no water
 Ever since the first of May;
 And a busy man will the miller be
 At dawdling of the day."

"Oh! the miller how he will laugh
 When he sees the mill-dam rise!
 The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
 Till the tears fill both of his eyes!"

"And some they seized the little winds
 That sounded over the hill—
 And each put a horn in his mouth,
 And blew both loud and shrill:"

"And there, they said, 'the merry winds go,
 Away from every bower;
 And they shall clear the mill-dam dark
 From the blind, old widow's corn."

"Oh! the poor, blind widow,
 Though she has been blind so long,
 She'll be blithe enough when the mill-dam
 Is gone,
 And the corn stands tall and strong!"

"And some they brought the brown lint-seed,
 And flung it down from the Low;
 'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise,
 In the weaver's craft shall grow."

"Oh! the poor, lame weaver,
 How will he laugh outright
 When he sees his dwindling flax field
 All full of flowers by night!"

"And then outspoke a brownie,
 With a long beard on his chin:
 'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
 'And I want some more to spin."

"I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
 And I want to spin another;
 A little sheet for Mary's bed,
 And an apron for her mother."

"With that I could not help but laugh,
 And I laughed out loud and free—
 And then, on the top of the Caldon Low,
 There was no one left but me."

"And all on the top of the Caldon Low,
 The mistle were cold and gray,
 And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
 That round about me lay."

"But, coming down from the hill-top,
 I heard, afar below,
 How busy the jolly miller was,
 And how the wheel did go."

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
 And, sure enough, were seen,
 The yellow ear of the mill-dam corn,
 All standing stout and green."

"And down by the weaver's craft I stole,
 To see if the flax were sprung—
 But I met the weaver at the gate,
 With the good news on his tongue."

"Now, this is all I heard, mother,
 And all that I did see,
 So, pr'ythee, make my bed, mother,
 For I'm as tired as I can be."

WONDERS OF THE BEE HIVE.

From the American Agriculturist.

SWARMING.

One of the most curious things we have to tell
 about the bee, is the process by which families of
 stocks of bees are multiplied. It would be a
 problem difficult of solution for one ignorant of the
 mode. Here is a family consisting of one
 mother, and her offspring; the former living sev-
 eral years, while the common bees are short lived.
 She cannot leave the presence of rivals in her hive;
 her own departure would occasion great commo-
 tion; she is utterly unable to go out alone and lay
 the foundation of a new colony; and ten thousand
 bees without her would not be able to produce any
 brood or keep their number good. And against
 any scheme of colonizing is the strong instinct
 that brings the foraging bees directly back to the
 old hive, and the persistence with which they
 cling to their stores of honey and their brood combs.

But God has given them other instincts which
 come into operation at the right moment, and
 make a certain number perfectly willing to
 abandon their home and fellow-workers, never
 more to return. Early in the summer, perhaps
 about the time some of our readers receive this
 number of the Agriculturist, the hives begin to
 be uncomfortably full of inmates, and prepara-
 tions are made for swarming. Royal cells are
 constructed, and the occupants are nicely cared
 for in the vicinity of a city where the custom
 of emigrating with a large number of workers and
 drones. Perhaps scores are sent out before hand
 to see if quarters can be secured in the neighbor-
 hood of some natural nest, such as a hole in a
 tree, or a hollow in a rock. As long as a place
 is found, and usually not far from mid-day, the oc-
 cupants of the hive are all found to be in a great
 commotion; some of them are filling their bags
 with honey, and others are loitering about the
 entrance of the hive, as if for an instant's notice
 of the new colony. Some are seen to enter, and
 with a great rush and whirl they pour out of the
 hive, as if the house was on fire and fly off in a
 cloud, and setting down in a cluster of some
 kind of an appropriate place, they begin to come
 to order and consult as to the next step. After
 remaining there an hour or two, if not taken care
 of, they will perhaps start off in a bee-line for
 their new home, and they may be met by a
 while clustered on the tree, they may be handled
 without injury, as their abundant supply of food
 makes them docile, and if then provided with a
 home they may accept the offer of hospitality and
 remain at all, or hovering around in circles, they
 dart away at once in the direction of their new
 home. Some times also in an apiary they are glad
 to take possession of an empty hive, if one stands
 ready for them, as it is well stored with comb,
 and is all the better and more attractive. In some
 places, the attempt has been made to arrest the
 flight of swarms by the ringing of bells, the beat-
 ing of tin kettles, and similar noises; but this
 probably has no effect, as the bees are not so easily
 alarmed as first in villages where the discovery
 of a swarm in motion was announced by
 bells, that the owners might look to it and be
 able to identify their own bees.

The swarming of bees going out in this way is able
 to maintain itself. The workers are provided with
 food for several days, and can at once begin the
 manufacture of comb; and as soon as the new cells
 are made the mother-bee is ready to lay eggs in
 them, and people, or an increase of the population.
 On the other hand, those that are left behind, have
 abundant store of honey and of comb; the brood
 in the cells are maturing every day, and from the
 royal cells they may be sure of at least one queen,
 to take the place of the one that left. Should two
 of these come to maturity, however, there must
 either be a duel between them, or one of them
 must go off with a second swarm, giving way to
 her rival, and still further reducing the strength
 of the stock.

It is supposed that those who have gone from
 the hive in this natural way, lose entirely the in-
 stinct which had before impelled them to return to
 the old home, and readily adapt themselves to
 their new abode, where they place two feet or two
 miles from the old stand.

We leave the subject for the present, with this
 perhaps the greatest of wonders. It is to the
 bees as if Queen Victoria, with a potent industry
 of her subjects, as much treasure as could be caught
 up hastily in their hands, should some day leave
 their homes, their gardens, their palaces, their
 all, and take ship for Australia, to found there a
 new kingdom, entirely separate from the old one,
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 of her subjects, as much treasure as could be caught
 up hastily in their hands, should some day leave
 their homes, their gardens, their palaces, their
 all, and take ship for Australia, to found there a
 new kingdom, entirely separate from the old one,
 and to the new one that left. Should two
 of these come to maturity, however, there must
 either be a duel between them, or one of them
 must go off with a second swarm, giving way to
 her rival, and still further reducing the strength
 of the stock.

It is supposed that those who have gone from
 the hive in this natural way, lose entirely the in-
 stinct which had before impelled them to return to
 the old home, and readily adapt themselves to
 their new abode, where they place two feet or two
 miles from the old stand.

We leave the subject for the present, with this
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